THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

"AND THEY KNEW THE KING WAS GIVEN."

Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in the heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So, of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it afar.

Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Til lthey found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering.

Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning star?
He who came to light the gentiles
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek his cradle;
There our heart's best treasures bring,
Love and faith and true devotion,
For our Savior, Lord and King.

—C. F. Alexander.

THE PACIFIC

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DR. GLADDEN SPEAKS CONCERNING HIS PACIFIC COAST TRIP.

Sunday morning, December the 9th, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden spoke in his pulpit at Columbus, Ohio, concerning his recent trip to the Pacific Coast. He had as a text the words of the Psalmist:

"Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following!"

Dr. Gladden said in part: "The holy city of which the Psalmist was so proud was not, as modern cities go, a great metropolis. The part that it has played in the world's history has been altogether disproportionate to the extent of its area or the number of its inhabitants. It does not appear that the circumferences of its walls could ever have been more than five or six miles. One could have walked about Jerusalem very comfortably some morning before breakfast. I do not mean to cast any contempt on the Psalmist's enthusiasm; the biggest territories and the largest census tables are not always the most significant. I shall try to keep that fact in mind in what I am trying to say this morning.

Journey is Long.

"To go about even that part of our Zion which lies west of us is something more than a morning stroll. It takes a good many days and nights of traveling by limited trains. By footing up the time tables, I find that my round-trip mileage amounts to 7567 miles, which is considerably more than a voyage across the Atlantic and return. My outward route kept me skirting the frontier of British America, and my homeward track often ran close to the Mexican boundary, and I had occasion to measure, by traversing it, our Pacific Coast line, which the railroads make 2180 miles. These figures bring home to us something of what it means to go round about our Zion.

"It is good for any American to make a circuit of our National domain, that he may get some impression of the vastness of the heritage which has been committed to his countrymen; that he may mark well the bulwarks of her mountain ranges; that he may tell the tall towers of her commerce that climb unto the sky; that he may consider her palaces of art and learning and religion which cover the ground where but yesterday the sagebrush was growing and the coyote was howling. It is good to see the regions where, because of the coming of the children of the light with the water of life, the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Acquire More than Patriotism.

"Sentiments larger than those of patriotism are apt to be called forth by such an experience; one gets near to elemental and cosmic forces. One cannot watch from the trains of the Coast Line, winding along the Pacific, south of San Francisco, the surf beating in from that West which is the Far East, and not think of what is coming with the opening of the Panama Canal, for which, just now, such eager preparation is making, and of the vast and complicated relations into which our country is to be brought with the far Orient, and not be made aware that some great things are happening in these days upon this planet.

"The plains and the deserts, too, have their own august and impressive messages. To one who sometimes feels with Wordsworth that 'the world is too much with us,' such a journey over the plains, especially at night, is a memorable respite. I kept the curtains of my sleeping berth raised that I might commune with the vastness round about and overhead. There was no fear that anyone except the angels would look in. For scores of miles through waking hours no signs of sentient life would greet your senses; here and there a scrubby desert palm, or a clump of cacti—just enough to make the desert articulate. And when, sometimes, you wait for half an hour on a siding in the midst of this voiceless immensity, with no glimmer of light upon the earth, and without even the chirp of a cricket or the whirr of a night bird, the silence has a great voice; I think you might hear it a hundred miles.

Stars Always Good Company.

"But the stars, the blessed stars, they are always good company! I never saw the North Star quite so near the horizon before, nor Sirius quite so high above it; there must have been some unfamiliar constellation on the southern horizon. But they were all so near and so neighborly, and such a host of them came out to escort us on our pilgrimage! The atmosphere which gives you by day the clear outline of a mountain 100 miles away makes the world above your head at night far more wondreful than anything which we ever behold hereabouts, and helps us to see

> "'How boundless might the soul's horizon be;
> How good it were to dwell there and breathe free;
> How fair a lot to fill
> Is left to each man still.'

"It was not, however, the wonder and beauty of nature that drew my feet westward; it was the social and spiritual life of the people over there that I chiefly wanted to know about.

"The higher education of the states I visited was one of the subjects that attracted me. I had the honor of speaking to the students of eight universities, and the glimpses which I gained of these institutions were inspiring. It is simply wonderful to see how promptly, in all these new states, the higher wants of the people have been provided for. Those who conceive that Americans have

no interests but money getting would find in such a journey as mine some surprises.

Finds Excellent Teachers.

"I found in some of the newest of these institutions groups of teachers whom any of the older colleges might be glad to get, and will, no doubt, be getting before long. I found, too, in these state institutions, men and women who are almost passionately determined that they shall not be cursed with a crass utilitarianism; that the higher ideals of life shall be held up and glorified. The readiness with which the ideas of the New Democracy have taken root on that coast is more proof that the spiritual side of life is not neglected in the universities. My own testimony must be that I have never spoken to audiences more attentive or interested than I found in these student assemblies of the Far West.

"With the problems of the cities I was also able to make myself somewhat acquainted. I was invited to address several organizations of business men, which were devoting their attention largely to the social and philanthropic aspects of municipal life. I had the honor and pleasure of meeting socially the mayors of the three principal cities of Washington—Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane —and all of them were men for whom their fellow-citizens will never have occasion to blush—all of them well-educated men, strong men, gentlemen, Christian men. These Western cities manage, it seems, to get such men to preside over their municipal affairs.

New Ideas Please.

"The methods of the New Democracy, the initiative, the referendum and the recall, with the short ballot and the commission form of government, are all in use in these states of the coast. There seemed to be general satisfaction with them, though, of course, no intelligent person supposes that these or any other political methods will prove a panacea for all political ills.

"An attempt made by the vicious elements of Seattle to remove Mayor Cotterill of that city, by means of the recall, failed ignominiously on the day of my arrival in the city, with the result, of course, of greatly strengthening the mayor's hands and confirming his purposes.

"Los Angeles was in the heat of a campaign for a new charter; the election occurred last Tuesday and the charter was defeated, perhaps because of the very great extension it gave to the powers of the commission.

Religious Forces Not Coherent.

"On the whole, these cities of the Far West strengthen the heart of the hopeful American. San Francicso is a problem by itself; its bringing up was rather turbulent and it has never quite settled down to the business of municipal housekeeping. Its recovery from the great disaster is one of the latter-day miracles.

"It was six years ago last May, three weeks after the fire (you must never say 'earthquake' in San Francisco), that I walked among its smoking ruins, and today it is whole again with little to remind you of the devastation. But the moral and religious forces of the city are not so coherent or so efficient as one could wish.

"I saw a fine congregation in Dr. Aked's church and heard from him a noble sermon; but I was informed that there are few such audiences in the Protestant churches. They told me that there were more employees in the saloons of San Francisco than there were male members in the Protestant churches. There is talk of a federation of the cities around the bay in a Greater San Francisco, and it is possible that such an alliance would bring help to the moral forces of the older city.

Seek Good Citizenship.

In all the other cities of the coast states, in Spokane with its Canadian aspect of strength and solidity; in Seattle with its marvelous achievements and its mighty expectations; in Portland with its firm progress and its bright promise; in Oakland and Berkeley, beautiful for situation and vital with the best American citizenship; in Los Angeles with a growth that breaks all records and a population culled from the best stock of what we used to call the West; in Riverside among its orange groves; in San Diego with the dew of her youth and the glory of her skies, and her eager outlook upon the future—in all these cities which I have visited it seemed to me that the battle for good citizenship is being fought, not only bravely, but confidently, with the consciousness of power and the expectation of victory.

"So I return from the long journey round about our Zion with thankfulness and hope. After passing through that great empire of the Pacific slope, and mingling with group after group of its people, and listening to the conversation of the drawing room and the club and the hotel lobby and the street car and the ferry boat and feeling the pulse of the multitude a good many times, I am ready to give Bishop Berkeley's words a far larger measuring than he could have put into them when I say that

" 'Time's noblest offspring is the last!'

"The people of the New West are giving us some lessons in the New Democracy, but it is not the Democracy that means anarchy; it is the Democracy that means brotherhood. That, I am sure, is the deepest note of the civilization that is taking possession of our Western world."

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,
Before the prophet-princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle patient donkey, and the ox that trod the corn,
Knelt down beside the manger and knew that Christ was born.
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve, each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;
They give them Christmas greeting, and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gayly, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
But that the God who made us has made and loves them all!
If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
And this shall be our lesson from our dear Christmas tree!

—From "Our Dumb Animals."

A SECRET.

A tall fir whispered in the wood:
'I'd tell a secret, if I could."
Then all the dry leaves on the ground
Whisked up and down, and all around,
To see if they the news might hear,
And spread it quickly far and near.

But the tall tree answered not the call;
It bowed politely, that was all,
And flung its tassels to the breeze,
And looked the wisest of all trees;
But when I came beneath the tree,
It wshipered, "Yes, I'll tell it thee."

Then, as I rushed, in eager haste,
And threw my arms about its waist,
I held my breath, that I might hear:
"My child, I'm coming soon to be
Your very own dear Christmas tree."

—Mrs. G. M. Howard.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Cooperative Church Administration.

On the part of the Episcopalians in Berkeley there is in successful operation a plan of cooperative church work which commends itself to us as partaking more of the spirit of the Great Head of the Church than the prevailing system throughout the world. The Rev. Edward L. Parsons, the rector of St. Mark's, spoke of it briefly at the meeting in Oakland last week of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers. Not long ago The Pacific Churchman contained an interview with Mr. Parsons in which the plan along with the workings of it were set forth more in detail. We give that statement here:

"There are six Episcopal Churches in Berkeley. Four of these belong to St. Mark's Parish. "Two are techinically Diocesan Missions.

'In the Parish are St. Mark's Church, All Souls' St. Clement's and the Incarnation. The Parish Church is the most centrally located. On that account and because of its age it has naturally the largest congregation. All Souls' is in North Berkeley and St. Clement's in the new Claremont district. While neither is entirely self-supporting in the sense that it could easily, if left to itself, keep up the present scale of expenditures, both are fully fitted to be independent parishes if judged by the ordinary standard. But they don't want to be. That is what the "municipal policy" as we call it means. The Incarnation lying north and west of All Souls' has an attractive guild hall, (built by the way almost entirely by the clergy and volunteer workers four or five years ago), and a congregation chiefly of children of the Sunday-school. It is as yet a mission.

"In West Berkeley is the old mother Church of Berkeley, the Good Shepherd. Although technically a diocesan mission, it is practically part of the parish. Its chief support comes from the Parish. Its separate organization is maintained only so far as the canons require and we are waiting merely the clearing of certain matters to make the union complete.

"St. Matthew's is in South Berkeley. It is a vigorous, enthusiastic, self-supporting diocesan mission but in most essential matters and for practical pastoral purposes it belongs to the "union." Its Vicar is one of the "staff." He takes pastoral charge of a given district. When we speak then of the Municipal Policy, in maters of legal administration it applies only to the congregations of St. Mark's Parish. In all practical pastoral matters it includes the six congregations.

"St. Mark's calls this policy "municipal" just on that account. The parish, people, vestry and clergy alike, propose that in every step forward, whether it be new plans of work or new buildings erected, or new missions begun, the interests of the Church in the entire community rather than the interests of any particular congregation shall be considered.

The Theory of the Work.

"Let me tell you first of the theory or perhaps better the ideal of the work. It assumes that in a very large measure the interests of the Church in Berkeley are identical. That is to say that we have a Church in Berkeley just as we have a city. The city does not consist of a group of villages managing their lighting and sewage systems and their police and fire departments sometimes in co-operation, sometimes independently as the whims of mayors and councils dictate.

"Why should the Church consist of a group of parishes, co-operating in a perfectly haphazard way as the policy of the moment or the mutual sympathy of rectors and vestries dictates? We believe that the spirit of Christianity is one of love. That means unity and co-operation. It means that the Christian people in any given city have a real corporate life. It means that the Church people in the same city have a corporate life even more intimate and vital. Now it is perfectly possible that this corporate life be expressed by the volunteer co-operation of independent parishes. As a matter of fact it rarely is in any satisfactory way. We believe that the actual organization should express the true nature of the relationship, should reveal the essential unity and embody the corporate life. This will help to develop the right spirit. It will minimize the evils which grow in its absence.

"St. Mark's proposes then to substitute along the whole line of administration co-operation for competition. In the practical development of the plan we begin therefore with unity. Much local independence in congregational life is of course a necessity, but we make that independence tributary to unity, its handmaid rather than its mistress. We adopt local autonomy wherever and whenever it renders the total work more effective. We make it contribute to the unity. We do not begin with independence and feel in a helpless haphazard way after enough unity to save us from reproach. One cannot help seeing at once that this was the ancient Catholic plan. It is the natural Christian way of growth. But it is more than that for it is in most complete harmony with the modern principle of consolidation in government and in business. Imagine any great business managed as we manage our Church work in most places. The Church is not business. That is true, but that is no reason why those aspects of the Church's work which are business should be administered in an unbusiness like way.

How It Is Administered.

"The plan of organization is perfectly simple. The rector and vestry constitute the administrative body for the whole parish. In that respect, if we may compare small with great, it is like Trinity Parish, New York; but only in that respect, for quite apart from the enormous differences in property interests and extent of work, our problem is municipal and territorial. The clergy, while each chapel has its vicar, constitute one staff and consider together most of the

local problems in the light of the whole. The people are for convenience grouped as members of separate congregations but are all members of the Parish having vote and place regardless of the congregation to which they belong. The vestry is the vestry of all elected by all. It is not the vestry of St. Mark's Church still controlling dependent congregations. As a matter of fact its members are not all members of the Parish Church congregation. The chapels are not missions. That is the most difficult to obliterate from people's minds of any misunderstanding of the system. The congregations are groups of people in the same parish worshipping separately. They happen to worship in different buildings; but they are just as much one body as if they were only groups worshipping at different times in the same building.

Some Advantages.

"I could speak for hours of the advantages of the plan when it comes to Christian work and life. Let me point out some of them as briefly as I can.

"It has an immense advantage in missionary work. The responsibility for pushing ahead is fixed definitely. No question of parochial boundaries complicates the location of new work. All Souls', St. Clement's and the Incarnation were all located so far as we could see at the time to the greatest advantage for the work of the Church as a whole. If any one of the churches has in the future to be moved it will be moved not because the people now attending it have moved to a new district; but only because it will be brought into better relation to the districts served by the other churches. If proper provision for the Church people of Berkeley is not made no clergyman can dodge the responsibility by saying he is doing his best for his own people; nor any Vestry by claiming that it is not their affair. In the same connection it puts the Church at an enormous advantage as regards the care of the people. There is one central list of all the people belonging to the Church in Berkeley as far as we know them. It includes all who ever signify even as affiliation. No name is ever dropped just because the people don't go to church or because there is doubt about which parish they belong to. The clergyman in charge of a given district calls upon everyone in that district regardless of where they worship (I do not of course refer to members of Oakland or San Francisco parishes residing in Berkeley.) If then a family is "lost" it is either that the Church has never had their name or else it is one of the many slips which must occur in a large work.

"That brings me to the economy which the whole system admits in the work of the clergy. Each clergyman has his own district for calling. He is free to call on any one anywhere, especially any one who belongs to his congregation, but he is not driven to it. His interest is to see that any particular family is attached to the Church, not to his congregation. The financial question, which so often leads a parish to try to hold its people living at a distance does not affect him. A family moving from one congregation to another does not diminish the Parish income. Thus the clergyman's time is as far as possible saved.

"There is a saving in many other ways. Each man on the staff comes to take the chief charge for the parish of the kind of general work he is best fitted to. One man will "boost" the missionary interests, another will bring special historical knowledge to bear on a given problem. A Director of Religious Education can serve the whole parish. Mr. Kelley will hold this winter teacher training classes for the teachers of all the parish schools. The deaconess is at call of any of the clergy or people.

"The vacation problem is greatly simplified. By a careful regulation of the times at which the various clergy are away we are able to get along with almost no outside help. Any large parish with an assistant can do that; but we manage to make one extra man serve the purpose for all the churches although help is freely offered by kind friends from time to time.

"During Dr. Powell's illness we have been able to take care of the services almost without help and to provide entirely for necessary pastoral work at St. Matthews. But perhaps best of all for the clergy is the strength given in mutual confidence and support. No one of us is going it alone. We are backing each other. We are planning and thinking together and helping each other out in many a difficult place.

"In the work in general a great deal of overlapping is prevented. Indeed it was the problem of overlapping in the work among the students of the University which suggested the entire policy. Two or three parishes surrounding a University may work in harmony as long as they are in harmony; but a difference of view upon the part of two rectors may readily lead to a great deal of work being done twice, planning, printing, calling, entertaining, or else to neglect of a large part of the field. We realized the importance of a unified approach to the work in the University of California and resolved to get and keep it by making it depend not upon casual voluntary coperation but upon a thorough going policy expressed in our organization. But the vision of the advantages in the University work opened our eyes to the possibilities of a complete system.

The Most Striking Advantage.

"You ask about the most striking advantage. To my mind it is the possibilities of the financial system. In Pittsburgh they still have, I think, what has disappeared in almost every other place of importance in the country, the ward system of schools. The schools in a ward are run by that ward and supported by that ward. The result is that in a poor ward you have poorly equipped schools, in a rich ward well equipped schools; and yet it is precisely the poor ward which from the social point of view needs the well equipped school most of all. No enlightened community would tolerate such conditions today, and yet the very Christian people who would lead the protest against it in school matters go right on permitting, tolerating, defending it in Church matters. Yet if the unity of spirit and interest is not greater in the Church than the community, what kind of Christianity has it?

"Here is what I mean. Any fair sized city will show well equipped parishes with well paid clergy ministering to select groups of people and in contrast poorly equipped parishes with poorly paid clergy ministering in far more crowded and needy neighborhoods. Now it is precisely the latter parishes which from the Christian view point need the well equipped 'plant." It is precisely the latter clergy who need the backing of a substantial income. The situation has not a possible excuse except the difficulty of escaping from it. The only practicable escape with our present system is to make a distinction, call the latter class of parishes , missions, and support them by charity.

'Our purpose is to get to the root of the trouble. A common purse makes it possible to pay the clergy according to their experience, capacity and responsibilities, and not ac-

cording to the wealth of their congregation. We have made a beginning in this. It makes it possible to build by drawing on the entire body of Church people. It made one proud of the Christian spirit of the people who two years ago when the subscriptions were taken for the parish debt; almost without an exception pledged without any reference to whether their money went to the debt on St. Mark's, All Souls' or St. Clement's. During the paying of the debt I have heard practically no questions asked as to which particular note had been met. Nothing more than a very right sentiment that when the time for consecreation came the Parish Church should be consecrated first. Looking forward to the future we see the same system safeguarding the work of the Parish Church, rapidly becoming a down town church, without the strain of raising a large endowment.

"I need not speak of the smaller economies in the matter of secretary's work, Sunday-school supplies, and the like. They are simply in line with all properly conducted business.

Local Autonomy.

"But does not this all mean an overcentralization, a kind of submerging of differences, a necessary uniformity? Not at all. We believe in the policy of unity not of uniformity. We believe in efficiency and as soon as efficiency is increased by local responsibility without injuring the unity of the whole we give it. Each congregation has its congregational committee and each is chosen and composed as the congregation determines. St. Mark's is appointed, the others are elected. All Soul's includes women. The others do not. The committees manage all the local affairs even to proposing a budget but the vestry reserves the adoption of the budget because that involves the relation of the affairs of an individual congregation to the whole parish.

"In the spiritual affairs local autonomy is carefully guarded. The vicar has the cure of souls. Ceremonial differs greatly in the different congregations. There is the same variety in all such matters as exists among the parishes in an ordinary city.

"In other words to sum up the administrative side of it, we have measurably succeeded in combining a good many of the pastoral advantages of a small congregation with a good deal of the power and momentum of a large parish.

"There are of course many problems in the development of the administration of the work and especially just in this matter of combining the local autonomy, the spontaneity and sense of responsibility of the independent congregation with the unity of policy and precision of methods of the whole. There are problems too in our relation to the diocese. Our congregations have had to surrender much; but they seem to be willing to do it for the sake of the very real benefit to our immediate work.

But we have managed so far to find our way around the obstacles and continue upon the path and we have good hope for the future. The plan has worked so far.' There is no question about that. We have been able to locate and maintain new work as it has been needed, to economize greatly in the matter of the paid staff and we have succeeded in making the growth of the Church in Berkeley keep pace with the population. I do not mean that each congregation has grown. That might easily happen and the Church as a whole fall behind. I mean, that the total of communicants holds precisely the same relation to the total population that it did before the earthquake. We think that is to be accounted for largely at any rate by the principle of our work.

Deeper Effects.

"I am inclined to think that more important than any of these practical advantages is the effect which I am sure is really to be found upon the life and spirit of the parish. It has helped us to have a broader outlook. It has given us a vision of some of the larger possibilities of Christianity. It has encouraged a real unity of spirit. It has been an immeasurable gain to the clergy. It has kept the highest ideal of the Christian fellowship before us because it has not only preached the ideal but put before us a practical application of it which we cannot dodge. Indeed, I have rarely heard any theoretical objection urged inside the parish. The great majority of objectors sum up by saying, "Well, it won't work.' The patent fact remains that it has worked. It has done things and done them with (on the whole) far less strain of anxiety upon the people, far fewer critical difficulties than if the work had been carried on in the ordinary way.

"When that is pointed out I have heard people say, 'Well, it has worked because present conditions have favored it here; but it is a system which is adapted to saints, not to ordinary Christians.' Then those of us who have seen the vision have sometimes replied, 'True, and that is precisely why we like it.' It gives us day by day a practical test of whether we mean what we say when we talk of loving our neighbor as ourselves. We cannot dodge it. What is the use of saying we believe in every one 'being subject one to another' if the moment the test is put to us we dodge? What is the use of talking of humility if we are not ready to be humble or of churchmanship if we mean not the Church, but our own little congregation? We feel that this plan we have been working on is more Christian, more truly catholic and more expressive of good churchmanship than the ordinary way."

A YULE-TIDE OFFERING.

Again the merry Yule-tide comes,
The day of all the year;
The pealing bells, the mistletoe,
The blazing Yule-log's cheer
Proclaim the Christmas festival;
O now let every voice
In accents glad His praises sing.
And every heart rejoice.

May peace prevail; it is most meet,
This anniversary morn
That marks that holy day of days
The Prince of Peace was born,
That all should dwell in unity,
That earth should know no war—
O may the white-winged dove of peace
Brood o'er us evermore!

May each heart beat with quickened love
For man and bird and beast,
Remembering Him who ministered
Unto the very least
And humblest of our Father's flock,

Who marked the sparrow's fall,
Who as a babe was cradled with
The cattle in the stall.

And now as loving messages
And precious gifts abound,
And at the hospitable board
The loving-cup goes round,
What nobler gift to offer Him,
Today, with willing mind,
Than grateful hearts filled with true love
For bird—beast—all mankind?

—Luella C. Poole.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Last Journey of Rev. Asa Cummings..

He was for many years a preacher and pastor in Maine, and during the later years of his life, proprietor and editor of the Christian Mirror, in Portland, Me. The readers of the Mirror had been well posted on affairs in Panama by a long series of letters from the Chaplain and his wife, the editor's daughter, and he resolved to pay her a visit in her mission field. It was a long and perilous journey for an old man, but he was in vigorous health and believed that he could make it safely. He reached us, after a pleasant voyage and transit of the Isthmus, greatly interested and delighted with the wonders of the sea and tropic lands. He was amazed at the extraordinary growth of plants there. He came to the breakfast table one morning, saying, "That corn grew five inches in twenty-four hours," which was quite true.

He was with us during the night of the terrible massacre, described in the last previous article, and when I made that midnight visit to the wounded men, had little hope of seeing me alive again. So his last days were the most exciting days of a long life.

He stayed in Panama longer than he had intended, that he might have our company on the homeward voyage, and this delay was one cause of his death. So as to be out of the way while we were breaking up housekeeping, he went to Aspinwall for the last night of his stay, and there the cool Caribbean night wind, coming through unglazed windows, gave him a congestive chill which proved fatal. The doctors advised us to embark at once, having a little hope that the sea air might revive him, though very little.

I have turned seaward many times, but this was the saddest embarking of all, for we were facing almost certain death. The captain kindly caused a hammock to be hung where the sick man could have the full benefit of the sea air, but it was useless. He died the second night out and on the next day, June 5th, 1856, his body, enclosed in canvas, and lying on a plank, was lifted over the rail and plunged into the deep waters of the Caribbean sea, there to wait the resurrection. The Rev. J. Sessions of Albany, N. Y., conducted brief funeral services.

Father Cummings was well prepared to die, for he had long and faithfully served the Master. His brain was so benumbed by his disease that he was probably quite unaware of approaching death—certainly nothing was said to or by him about it, but there was no need. This is the best way for a Christian to die—the shorter the sickness, the better. Dying pains are a great price to pay for dying testimonies. A candle blown out in an instant is much better than a candle sputtering and smoking into dissolution. "Let my last end be like his." The best of all modes of death is to go to bed at night, and not wake in the morning.

As to the body's final resting place, what matters it? We shall all hear when Gabriel's trumpet sounds; "We who are alive and remain, shall not hinder those who are asleep." "The sea gave up the dead which were in it." As to the resurrection, what will it be? A literal interpretation of Scripture calls us to believe that these bodies, which decay and then enter into the composition of plants and other living bodies of beasts and men, will be brought into being again, in their former condition, but how can this be? A hundred different bodies would claim the same matter. What, then, is to be "raised"? It is very probable, as Swedenborg forcibly argues, that the spiritual body may be an exact counterpart of the material body, and that this counterpart is what will be raised. But if this be the explanation, another difficulty appears, greater, if possible, than the other; for so the spiritual body must be buried or cremated with the physical, an absurd idea. We are so used to this literal interpretation of Scripture regarding the resurrection that it is hard for us to disassociate it from the unvital bodies, the garments which once clothed the real man, and which may as well be cast aside or burned when their useful life is ended. In the resurrection or renewal of life, God will "give such a body as pleases Him," but it will not be this flesh and blood restored to life.

It is natural and not wrong to harbor and cherish a measure of affection for the bodies through which we have known and loved our friends, now departed. The gray-headed mother still hoards among her treasures the little shoes, worn by the child she lost, and who thinks of blaming her? Once a year, true patriots deck with flowers the graves of those who gave their lives to save their country's life, and are blessed in doing it. Sometimes it seems to us that they who have left us know and appreciate these tokens of our affection for them, but this is an idle fancy. They who have gone before have entered on a life so much larger, and so much more glorious or dreadful than this, that all earthly things seem too triffling for notice. "When I became a man, I put away childish things."

"But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Breton has laid him."

Father Cummings cares not a whit, now, that his body was not laid beside those for love of whom he built that fine monument in Portland cemetery. His friends would rather it were there, no doubt, but what matters it? "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," but the real man to God. It were better were there no cemeteries in the world, if they serve to keep our affections fixed on material and earthly things, and interpose their paltry adornings between us and God. "I shall be astisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

KRISS KRINGLE.

Just as the moon was fading amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed with children's precious things,
Old Kriss Kringle looked around, and saw on the elm tree

bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest, silent and empty now.
"Quite like a stocking," he laughed, "pinned up there on the tree!
Little I thought the birds expected a present from me!"
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AN OLD-TIME ASSOCIATION MEETING.

Large Attendance! Strong Addresses! A Creative and On-going Influence.

The meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, which was held in Plymouth Church, Oakland, Tuesday of last week, was largely attended and was of unusual interest. It was the first meeting of the reunited San Francisco and Bay Associations and caused those whose residence dates back some years to think back to those old association days. The Rev. C. L. Mears, the moderator, welcomed the San Francisco members in well-chosen words, after which Deacon Isaac H. Morse of the First Church, San Francisco, spoke of his great gratification in the reunion, and of the larger effectiveness to come in and through it. With reference to religious conditions in San Francisco, Mr. Morse stated never before during forty years had San Francisco been at so low an ebb religiously as now. For the wide-spread materialism of the age, Mr. Morse feelingly held up the reawakened church, and summoned his brethren hereabouts to a work second to none anywhere in the world.

Religious Conditions In Bay Cities.

The religious situation in the bay cities was considered by the Rev. E. L. Parsons, rector of St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, who stated that the unchurched people on both sides of the bay amounted to about one-half of the population. In San Francisco the Protestant churches have a membership not in excess of 16,000 and touch only about 50,000 of the non-Catholic peoples; on the Oakland side about 75,000.

Mr. Parsons thought that the churches were generally pretty well distributed, but that they were working in a way unworthy of the gospel of Christ. Many of them have only shacks as houses of worship and half-paid men as pastors. No brains used in religious work seemingly; there is little unity of effort. This applies not only to the denominations separately but to work within the denomination itself. He urged a closer unity in the denomination, the socialization of incomes. We do not have one properly housed and well-equipped school in a city, and all the others poverty stricken affairs, but something commensurate with the need in every part of the city. So should it be as to churches.

Christian Endeavor Under Fire.

The question, "How May the Young People's Society Render Genuine and Efficient Service?" brought an interesting discussion. The Rev. S. C. Patterson remarked that in very many societies there was an atmosphere not normal nor healthfully religious. They were mawkish at times, given to a false piety. It was his testimony that young people often came back from C. E. conventions with ideas destructive to the church work. To render efficient service it should be the aim of the society to create an atmosphere of youth in the church; there must be in the society a vision of the greatness of the church and preparation for church membership and participation in church work if it is to be serviceable.

The Rev. H. A. Jump spoke of the pastoral insufficiency of the average parish,of the need that the pastor should come into instructive touch with the members of the society—otherwise failure. The pastor should cultivate the young even at the risk of being stamped "undignified." We should think not so much of the church of today as of the church of 1932. The young people are to be the salvation of the church of 1932—the church of the future if there is to be a church of the future. Here is the chance for a religion of energy and gladness, which is as important as the religon of devotion. We need St. Peters as well as St. Johns.

The Rev. A. B. Snider looked on the C. E. society as an essential organization in connection with the church and urged pegging away at it in the effort to make it more efficient.

The trend of the discussion, in which many participated, was unfavorable to the society in its present operation.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer reviewed the history of the society in Plymouth Church, Oakland. They had no pledge problem, for they didn't have the pledge. Trouble had been found with the topics. They were discarded and more practical ones taken. Persons were selected to speak on these. With the determination to put into the organization something real and vital, it had been made a success in Plymouth.

Mr. Hinman, looking back over the past, found that a vast service had come out of the Christian Endeavor Society—especially in missions. He thought that the society too often had been allowed to stop short of its purposed end.

Secretary Fisher told of a revival of interest in Christian Endeavor in Washington.

Two new pastors, Mr. Gould and Mr. Youtz inclined to something other for the young people of their churches.

The Rev. Marshall Dawson told of some young people returning from the Christian Endeavor convention at Fresno this year and endeavoring to get a pastor to revolutionize his theology, throwing overboard all that the Seminary had taught him.

The Rev. George Laughton of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, placed high value on the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Rev. Robert Walker was of opinion that taking part in the meetings even in the simplest and easiest way was educative and prepared for higher and better activity.

Standards of Efficient Service for the Sunday School.

Speaking on this subject, Rev. J. B. Orr said that the Sunday-school teacher must put the hand of the child in the hand of Jesus or his work was a failure. They who would grow up into a life of service must be led to know Jesus sweetly and intimately.

A second step is culture in the life in Christ. Not all has been done for anyone when he has been led to Christ and into the Church.

Mr. Orr urged further the holding up of high ideals of living. Let the young be brought to realize that men of prominence in all walks of life were trained in the Sunday-school.

The Rev. R. F. Carter, speaking concerning the efficient Sunday-school, emphasized the fact that all organizations had to work differently now from what they did 25 years

ago. Time makes ancient ways or methods uncouth and ineffective.

In the course of his address Mr. Carter dwelt on the need of utilizing the natural instincts of the young—and in this way fit them for service. He told of the young girl who came to him and said she wanted to teach—showing the longing to do, to give self. He believes that if this instinct were taken advantage of and training classes formed that the Sunday-school would ere long come into an era of more efficient service.

Mr. Carter believes that the efficient Sunday-school will not look all to the future, but will aim to give the children a good time as they go along. Don't discount the present in any manner if you would build a right future. Suggestions were made as to recreation and amusements, and the remark in connection was "The dance is not wrong in the church if it is not wrong elsewhere."

Pragmatism.

The Rev. W. W. Willard of the Congregational Church of San Jose gave in the evening a fine address on Pragmatism, defining it, giving some of its implications and some practical applications. We came away feeling that a man who could speak at length so interestingly and illuminatively on Pragmatism could speak in the same way on any subject under the sun.

The Golden Present of the Christian Church.

The foregoing was the subject on which the Rev. E. A. Roys of the Fruitvale Avenue Church, Oakland, spoke. Mr. Roys showed in a breezy and graphic way that the good old times religiously were not so good and so much to be desired as some people sometimes fondly imagine. Mr. Roys laid emphasis on the thought that there is a widespread hunger for things spiritual, and that fruitage awaits earnest service in the Master's vineyard today.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

At the break of Christmas Day,
Through the frosty starlight ringing,
Faint and sweet and far-away,
Comes the voice of children singing,
Chanting, singing,
"Cease to mourn,
For Christ is born,
Peace and joy to all men bringing."

Careless that the chill winds blow,
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,
Noiseless footfalls in the snow
Bring the happy voices nearer;
Hear them singing,
"Winter's drear—
But Christ is here,
Mirth and gladness with him bringing!"

"Merry Christmas, hear them say,
As the east is growing lighter;
"May the joy of Christmas Day
Make your whole heart gladder, brighter!"
Join their singing:
"To each home
Our Christ has come.
All Love's treasures with him bringing!"

—Margaret Deland.

You are half way there when you know where you want to go.—Robert Whitaker.

A MEMORIAL SERMON.

(Delivered by Rev. James M. Campbell on the occasion of the death of Rev. Chas. W. Williams, for nine years pastor of the Avalon Church.)

Text, "Moses my servant is dead." Joshua 1:2.

In these three words, "Moses my servant," a life is epitomized. And what a life! It was a life that held 'the patent of its nobility direct from Almighty God"—a life upon which God put the signet of his approval, a life which served the divine interests and ends, a life which was useful to God because useful to men.

Here we have at once the true standard of honor, and the true text of the value of a human life. There is no honor that can equal that of being the acknowledged servant of God, and there is no higher value to be put upon any life than being of service to God.

It was the glory of the great apostle of the Gentiles that he was a servant of Jesus Christ. As such he signs himself in his inscriptions to his epistles. He felt that to be Jesus Christ's servant was "the greatest and truest nobility." It afforded him the sweetest joy to think that he was in some ways serviceable to Christ; that he was in some measure helpful to Him in the establishment of his Kingdom on the earth.

And not more truly were Moses and Paul servants of God than was our friend Chas. W. Williams, beside whose newly made grave in Los Angeles we stand in spirit today, and strew over it the flowers of our affection, bedewed with the tears of our sorrow. I can imagine God as saying, "Chas. W. Williams my servant is dead; I have taken him from the service of earth to the higher service of heaven."

You must already begin to see why I have chosen these words for my text on this occasion. I wish to bring to view the hidden center from which every noble and useful life is developed. Spiritual life like physical life is developed from a germ, and I fearlessly assert that never has there been a life of distinguished usefulness and honor that did not spring from the vital germ of a sense of personal responsibility to God.

Look at Moses! Through all his life, from young manhood to old age, in all the affairs of state, in all the ordinary business of life, he had but one purpose—to serve God. That which lay at the heart of his life, that which constituted its living core, was fidelity to duty, fidelity to God.

The Unseen ruled his life. Faith in God led to faithfulness to duty. "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

These two elements which entered so largely into the character of Moses were possessed by our Brother Williams in a marked degree. Faith was the root of his character; faithfulness its distinguishing quality. Like the rest of us he was "very human," but with all his human failings there ran through his entire life one settled purpose—he lived to please God.

Bro. Williams possessed a strong and winsome personality which impressed itself upon all who came into touch with him. He was what Dr. Chalmers would have called a man of weight. He was an independent thinker. His grasp upon truth was firm, his convictions were deep. He also possessed the poetical temperament, which made him an interesting interpreter of scripture, and while causing him to be painfully sensitive to the jars and discords of life also opened for him a door of retreat from this hard prosaic world into an ideal world in which he became oblivi-

ous to all the ills of life. And withal he had great kindliness of heart, profound charity for the weak and tempted; always inclining to side with those who were down, and always keeping himself in sympathetic connection with all movements for the uplifting of society.

But enough, and more than enough, in the way of analysis of character. The thing that concerns us most today is that whatever Bro. Williams was as a man, above all things else he was a man of God. Every gift which he possessed he laid in consecration at the Master's feet. As a preacher of the gospel he magnified his office. He had a high sense of the dignity of his calling. None of the side attractions of the world ever caused him to lose sight of the goal. To him the wealth and honor of the world were small affairs. The one object which absorbed his interest and his energies was to make known to sinful men the unsearchable riches of Christ.

And now that his work is done and he has passed through the gates into the city, there are a few general lessons from his life which I wish might be impressed upon us.

1. With him, as with Moses, life was broken off wtih many of its plans incomplete. Moses felt that his work was not finished. There was much to be done when God called aside his busy servant and said to him, "you must die and leave your work to others." What an inscrutable providence, what an impenetrable mystery is the death of a useful man! When Moses was taken away the children of Israel must have been as greatly perplexed as we are today.

In every life there are unfinished plans. When life comes to an end it often resembles the rough outline sketches seen in picture galleries. It gives merely a hint of what the worker intended to do. What a disparity exists in every life between purpose and achievement! No one comes up to the level of his best intentions. There is something better which we wish to do. We come up to it; we prepare for it; we commence it, and then the curtain drops.

But if our plans miscarry God's do not. He will see to it that the splendid powers which have just come to maturity are put to good use somewhere. In his spiritual Kingdom nothing is lost. Our brother has been called into higher service. The heaven into which he has entered is not a place of inactivity. "The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him."

2. Death is not so much an end as a new beginning. It is a new starting-point rather than a goal. Many a life, like one of the serial stories in the magazines, stops short at the most interesting point; and is "to be continued in the next." With a good man death is the birth into a higher life. For him to die is gain. He dies as the seed dies that the harvest may be gained. Every good life follows the law of spiritual ascent. Something is continually being lost, but more is being gained. The outward man perishes but the inward man is renewed day by day. There is unbroken continuity, unending progress. And there is within the soul the consciousness, "I came from God, and go to God; there can be no gaps in my life."

3. As death is not the end of our existence, neither is it the end of our influence. It is more than three milleniums since Moses, the servant of God, died; and yet his influence is felt in the world today more widely than ever before. His example is a powerful and perpetual sermon. "Though dead he yet speaketh." The influence of a good man never dies. Though dead he yet liveth; he lives in the memories of those he has left behind; he lives in the lives of those to whom he has ministered; he lives in the influence which he exerts upon those who come after him. I have sometimes thought that our departed friends have often greater power over us than when they were with us. Our friends die, but their influence multiplies and widens. Influence is eternal. Man is a centre of which the universe is the circumference. Those who do noble work speak to the coming ages. They live for immortality. Their names may be forgotten but their influence lives. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

4. To the good man death comes as a release. It was so in the case of Moses. He was glad to lay his burden down. It was so in an emphatic sense with our good Brother Williams. He felt keenly his physical limitations, and growing infirmities. And as his vital forces were being gradually reduced his spirit was like an acorn loosening its hold and preparing to drop from the cup. Of him might be said what was said of Charles Kingsley: "His soul fretted its way through the scabbard." So frail did the body become that it hardly provided sufficient covering for the soul—it was "a mere pretext for the soul's remaining on the earth." Never was there a finer instance of the spirit triumphing over the body and death being swallowed up of life.

5. God's servants die, but his work goes on. When Moses was taken away it seemed as if he could not be spared; and that his place could never be filled. But God did not blunder. He knew what he was doing. There were other hands ready to take up the work which he had begun; there were other shoulders upon which his mantle was to fall. "Weeping must not hinder working." When our friends and fellow-workers leave us we must dry our tears and bravely take up the work that awaits us. It was to Joshua, the successor of Moses, that Jehovah said, "Moses my servant is dead"; and then he added, "Now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people into the land which I do give unto them." Finish the uncompleted task. Begin where Moses left off. Spend no time in idle mourning. There is much to do, and little time in which to do it. "Work while it is called today; the night cometh when no man can work."

GRADUATED.

This may be said of a hero of the faith, Rev. Charles Woodbury Williams, who departed this life from his home in Los Angeles on December the 4th, after a running fight of twenty-two years' duration with bronchial difficulties which resulted from an attack of pneumonia in his early ministry.

The funeral services were held at the home and consisted of prayer by Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor emeritus of the First Church; an address by Rev. John L. Maile, who as Superintendent of State Work introduced Mr. Williams to the church at Avalon, on Catalina Island, in 1899, and for nine successive years made an annual visit to this pastorate.

Reminiscences were given by Rev. Selden Cummings, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pasadena, and an

early ministerial associate of Mr. Williams in the Maritime Provinces; also by Rev. Robert J. Burdette, D.D., who, while doing brilliant editorial service on the Burlington Hawkeye, came to know Professor Levi Woodbury Williams of the Collegiate Institute of Burlington, Iowa, and Mrs. Mary Page Williams, of Truro, Nova Scotia; parents of the gifted son and teachers in the Institute.

The family circle was completed by the sister, Elizabeth Page Williams, who is an accomplished musician, and a director in public school kindergarten work, and superintendent on this line in Plymouth Church Sunday school.

The passing of Professor Williams in 1875 left the trio of widow, son and daughter to carry on together the fight of life and of the Christian faith.

Rev. Charles W. Williams, slight of form and health impaired, illustrated the staying power of unfailing courage and the advantage of inspirational training. His preparatory course was taken at the Burlington Institute, his college course at Acadia College, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and Theology at McMaster Hall, Toronto. In the latter institution his chief mentor was Professor William N. Clarke, who was later widely known as theological teacher and writer of Hamilton Theological Seminary. Mr. Williams revered this instructor, par excellence, and never ceased to feel the momentum derived from such a princely personality.

Dr. H. H. Rand, Director of Public Education in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, was also attracted to the brilliant and poetic young Williams, and upon the life of the latter made lasting and most beneficent impression.

While yet in college Mr. Williams started out to organize into effective co-operation the young life of the churches, and in three home missionary pastorates demonstrated his ability to win the affectionate devotion of his associates.

Through his highly cultivated vocabulary there flowed wonderful interpretations of scripture teachings. His mentality doubtless was continually touched with the life of the Divine Spirit; his poetic genius flashed forth new meanings, or gave new birth to familiar truth. His dramatic instinct was often intense in its operations, and charmed the mind of childhood and of youth; while older people were quickened and refreshed by the stimulating views that were set forth.

Therefore it is no wonder that to this day his ministry is going on in his early parish in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and in Darmouth, Nova Scotia, and at St, Martins, the seat of the Baptist Union Seminary. The same may be said of his five years pastorate in Denver and his nine years with the church in Avalon.

On this latter field his footsteps are almost visible, and with our First Church in Pasadena he wrought most acceptably between the pastorates of Rev. R. R. Meredith and Rev. Dr. Fox, the present incumbent.

His going to Avalon marked his transference from Baptist ecclesiastical fellowship to that of the Congregational. Like one to the manor born he speedily found his place, and during the last two years of his life he performed a wonderfully uplifting work as Director of Religious Education with Plymouth Church, Los Angeles. The pastor, Rev. J. H. Mallows, gave the closing words of the memorial addresses, and bore affectionate testimony to the character and labors of his brother beloved in the ministry of Jesus Christ.

In thought and in love we enroll Charles W. Williams with the heroic worthies whose roll is called in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Outwardly he faced no lion's mouth, nor felt the edge of the sword in hand of man. No tyrant inflicted upon him torture, and mockings and scourgings were not a part of the program he carried out. Physical bonds nad imprisonments are not of the oppositions of today, and he did not wander about destitute, afflicted, tormented, by human foes. But nevertheless, in his day and generation, he was tried in spirit as those outward manifestations tested the martyrs of old.

His eager, outreaching nature was held back by inadequate bodily strength. His function of breathing was rarely free from pain and sometimes was obstructed nigh unto death.

A growing deafness, which became almost total, shut out from his appreciative ear the music to which his soul responded, and made a dumb silence of the presence of audiences who verbally responded to his teachings. In him the spirit of hope won constant victory over the tendency to despair, and up to the very last he was planning to follow up his able articles recently published by Sunday school journals.

A photograph taken in his early manhood presents a countenance of singular strength and beauty. There is a light in the eye and a radiance upon the face that originates in a source no lower than celestial communings. As he lay in the casket the expression upon the face was fair and youthful; as if a smile was about to gleam forth.

As he retired for the last time he had no thought of near decease; he expected to arise in the morning.

As was said of little children by the Savior, "I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." Perhaps "his angel" drew near with this message from the eternal: "It is enough; come home, my son."

Thereupon pain withdrew abashed and left no trace. He saw, not the expected California sunrise, but the light of the eternal morning. In the radiance thereof, "his spirit returned to God who gave it." J. L. M.

"Bring in the trailing forest moss,
Bring cedar, fir, and pine,
And green festoon, and wreath and cross,
Around the windows twine!

Against the whiteness of the wall
Be living verdure seen,
Sweet Summer memories to recall,
And keep your Christmas green."

Know the path of divinity to be forgiveness, simplicity, compassion, contentment, and truthfulness; and take them as nectar.—Ashavarka-Samhita.

Thy right is to the work only; but never to the fruits thereof.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

There's a stir among the trees
There's a whisper in the breeze;
Little ice-points clash and clink,
Little needles nod and wink,
Sturdy fir-trees sway and sigh—
"Here am I! Here am I"

"All the summer long I stood
In the silence of the wood,
Tall and tapering I grew;
What might happen, well I knew;
For one day a little bird
Sang, and in the song I heard
Many things quite strange to me
Of Christmas and the Christmas tree.

When the sun was hid from sight,
In the darkness of the night,
When the wind with sudden fret
Pulled at my green coronet,
Stanch I stood and hid my fears,
Weeping silent, fragrant tears,
Praying still that I might be
Fitted for a Christmas tree

"Now we stand
On every hand!
In us a hoard of summer stored,
Birds have flown over us,
Blue sky has covered us,
Soft winds have sung to us,
Blossoms have flung to us
Measureless sweetness.
Now in completeness
We wait."—Mary Frances Butts.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, Park.—The Rev. R. W. Rogers who has been in charge of Park Church for several weeks has accepted the call to the pastorate.

Santa Ana.—The Rev. Charles Seccombe has presented his resignation for the second time, the effort to persuade him to continue in the pastorate proving ineffectual.

Sanger.—A council was held last week for the recognition of a new German church at Sanger. It starts with about 40 members from among the German Russians in and near that town. It will be in charge of the Rev. Mr. Eckhardt who has charge of the Salem Church four miles from Sanger.

Benicia.—Five persons were received to membership at the last communion service, one on confession. The bazaar recently conducted by the ladies netted them $140. The church has met its apportionment for benevolences, and the indications are favorable for closing the year with all current expenses paid.

Campbell.—The church at Campbell rejoices over a fine new parsonage building which has been erected at a cost of $5,000 approximately for lot and building. It consists of ten rooms. A special feature is the large living room for the pastor's family which is so constructed as to allow thorough home privacy at times when other parts of the building may be given over for use in some church function.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—Last week the young people of Bethany Church went out in a body to Ocean View and put on a farce, "False Pretentions," which netted the Ocean View church about $10. The same evening the president of the Bethany Church Ladies Aid Society handed Mr. Charnock a check for $55 as a gift to the Ocean View Church, this money being half the proceeds of a bazaar lately held at Bethany. The union bazaar with the Ocean View Church, at Mission Church, netted $290, half of this, $145, going to each church.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The church closes the year 1912 with a degree of satisfaction. The building has recently received two coats of paint and it looks like a new church. The steps to the front entrance have been torn away and rebuilt. The old stairway in the rear and on the outside leading up from the basement has been removed and a new one built on the inside. Thirty dollars have been spent in replacing and repairing art glass in the front windows, while two windows have been placed in the basement to provide the Sunday school rooms with more light. All portions of the interior of the church either have been or are in process of being retinted and repainted. In a short time we will have an attractive building both inside and out. Church attendance has never been better than now; 42 have united with the church during this year. The people are encouraged, united and hopeful.

A ROYAL FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

When Mr. and Mrs. Briggs were ready to leave for their new field in Santa Cruz, the members of Bethany Church, San Francisco, gave to them a farewell reception which was a splendid expression of the good will of the people toward the retiring pastor and his wife. It was a large gathering and a fine program. Among other beautiful and useful things, the church presented Mr. and Mrs. Briggs with a valuable bronze statue of "Vici." Both the Intermediate Christian Endeavor and Mr. Briggs' Training Class remembered him handsomely.

When Mr. and Mrs. Briggs reached Santa Cruz, they were met at the train and taken to their new home. To their astonishment, they found that the people had unpacked the furniture, settled the house and were awaiting them with a warm meal all served on the table. On Friday evening, Dec. 13, the church gave a reception to the new pastor and his wife. There was a large and representative group of people in attendance and they seemed willing to respond to an aggressive policy as outlined by Mr. Briggs.

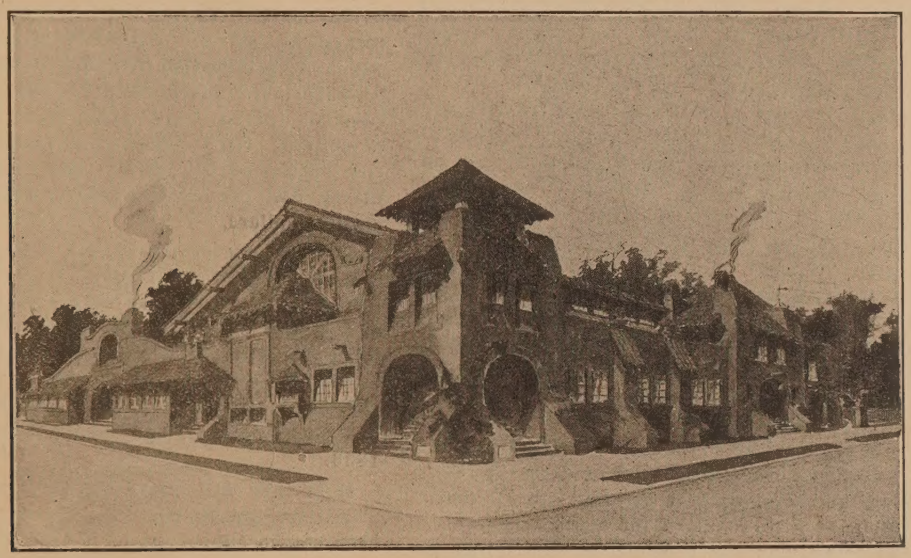
A PLACER COUNTY MOVEMENT.

The pastors of the Protestant churches of Placer county, California, have organized a Pastors' Union and will meet the second Monday in each month, the president to arrange a program for each meeting. W. B. Redburn, pastor of

the Congregational Church at Loomis, was elected president and J. E. Badger, pastor of the M. E. Church at Roseville, was elected secretary. They arranged for an evangelistic campaign for the county. A meeting will be held at each place, when the pastors co-operate in the meeting. A man will be selected from the number, who shall have charge of the meeting and also one who shall have charge of the music. During the day the pastors will go from house to house, two and two, doing personal work. Seven pastors are committed to this work. Although it is a new and untried plan it promises great things. The first meeting will be held at Rocklin, beginning the first Sabbath in January, with Rev. Mr. Linn of Newcastle in charge, and Rev. J. E. Badger of Roseville in charge of the music.

PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BERKELEY.

We give the readers of The Pacific herewith a picture of the new house of worship of Park Congregational Church, Berkeley, which was dedicated last Sunday afternoon. The sermon was given by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland, on "The Church as a Public Servant." The prayer of consecration was by the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Berkeley. The Rev. G. D. Yoakum, the pastor, led in the "Act of Dedication." Dr. Pond, who, during his many years of noble service in California, has had part in many dedicatory services, was in attendance and pronounced the benediction.



The building is exceptional in its attractiveness, both without and within, just such a building as the Park Church people have been longing for for years, and Mr. Yoakum and his people are to be heartily congratulated in that they have builded so appropriately. The edifice is of Mission style, with rustic interior, but not somber within as some of the rustic buildings are. As to auditorium and other rooms the arrangements are admirable. The seating capacity of the pews is about 250, but at each side of the auditorium are two small rooms which, when the sliding doors are raised seem like cozy alcove parts of the main room. Then in the rear the main floor of the Sunday school room opens into the auditorium in such a manner as to make possible its use in connection therewith, as well as a large number of the seventeen class rooms in the balcony surrounding. This gives a combined seating capacity of 550. In addition to the rooms already mentioned there are good-sized rooms for a boys' club, a girls' club, a parlor for the ladies, a kitchen, and a pastor's study quite ideal in its coziness.

Outside from every approach the building presents an inviting appearance. It is on a corner lot 90 by 120 feet, about three minutes' walk from the business part of South Berkeley, in a field of its own, and well deserves such consideration on the part of the people of that part of Berkeley as will make it a great center for good.

The membership of Park Church is now 180. Next Sunday nine new members are to be received. The Sunday-school had 180 in attendance two weeks ago.

Congregationalists hereabouts will have opportunity ere long to see this inviting new edifice, for Mr. Yoakum on behalf of his people gave the Bay Association at its last meeting an invitation to hold there its next meeting, which was accepted.

The building has been constructed at an expenditure of $16,000. The lot cost $4,800. A space 35 by 90 feet remains to be built on in the future. Mr. Yoakum would it is carried on generally today is really Christian.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

We hope that the article on co-operation in church administration, under the caption of "Something New Under the Sun," will have a wide reading. It is time for people everywhere to ask themselves whether religious work as it is carried on generally today is relly Christian.

In the death of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, which occurred Thursday of last week, the Pacific Coast loses one who has left a lasting impress for good on a large number of lives. As founder and as president for a half century of Mills College, she exerted, without question, the widest influence of any woman who has ever lived on these West-

ern shores. She moulded more lives than any other educator on the Pacific Coast. In seminary and college she came in close personal touch with the students, and in thousands of lives Mrs. Mills lives on the earth yet today, and will ever be an abiding influence.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell will take charge of the Laurelwood Congregational Church of Portland the first of January. For a year or more Mr. Knodell has been living on a ranch near Sherwood, and has supplied the pulpit of the church at that place. The out-door life has so recruited him that he feels equal to another pastorate.

WASHINGTON.

Inland Empire Notes.

The Rev. H. E. Hunt, of Medical Lake, is supplying the Lamont church with a view of settlement.

Rev. H. L. Preston, of Spokane, has become pastor of the Lincoln Heights church.

The semi-annual German Congregational Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Convention of Oregon and Washington, was held recently with the First German Congregational Church of Ritzville. There were three sessions and well attended. Rev. J. H. Mathews, superintendent of S. S. and Pub. society, was one of the speakers.

The Congregational Ministers' Alliance met at Hillyard, J. L. Keene pastor, this week. The subject for conference was Pastoral Evangelism. The remarks of the majority present indicated a sense of depression on the part of pastors because of the low spiritual state of the churches. The problems seem to be overwhelming and a tendency to cry: "O Lord, who is sufficient for these things? There is great need for a genuine revival of religion in all the churches, among the ministers as well as the lay members. Revivals (so-called) have been brought into disrepute by a shallow and selfish evangelism which has prevailed for years in this region. The best people are prejudiced against the very name. Professional evangelists as a rule are a failure, because of their narrowness, bigotry and selfishness. There is need of great searching of heart among ministers, less self-seeking, more humility and consecration, as a preparation for a revival.

An effort is being made to consolidate the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Kennewick. A very sensible thing! IORWERTH.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mr. Jacob Kamm, an Oregon Pioneer of 1850, died in this city yesterday morning aged eighty-nine years and two days. He was a native of Switzerland and was born on December 12, 1823. His father was a captain in the Swiss army who refused to go to Algiers to fight for the French. He then resigned from the army and came to America in 1829, settling in New Orleans, where he died of yellow fever four years later. Being thrown upon his own resources after his father's death, young Jacob found employment on the New Orleans Picayune for more than a year. In 1837 he went to St. Louis, and when all the money he had in the world was ten cents, he found a job as a cabin boy on a small steamer running from St. Louis up the Illinois river. This gave him a chance to observe the operation of steam; he soon got into the good graces of the engineer who taught him how to run the engines. He worked on several of the famous Mississippi river steamboats, and at length he received a license as a first-class engineer in 1848. The next year he joined the rush to the newly discovered gold fields of California, and operated a small steamer—the Blackhawk—on the Sacramento river. Late in the fall of 1850 ,at the request of LotWhitcomb, a pioneer of 1847, who was building a large steamboat on the Willamette river at Milwaukie, six miles south of Portland, Mr. Kamm came to Oregon and was installed on the new boat—the Lot Whitcomb—as chief engineer, a place which he filled with great satisfaction to all concerned. A few years later, associated with others, he aided in organizing the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and was one of the principal stockholders for a number of years. That company was the foundation of the present Oregon and Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, which, with the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, as well as all the lines of the latter company, are controlled by the Harriman interests. After retiring from the Oregon Steam Navigation Company in the seventies, Mr. Kamm built up a remunerative line of steamboats on the Columbia river, the management of which he retained until a few weeks ago.

"Efficiency" has marked his career throughout his long life, and thereby he amassed a fortune of several millions of dollars. He acquired large blocks of real estate in this city many years ago, and he also owned property on Market Street, San Francisco, which is reported to be worth one million dollars.

On September 13, 1859, Mr. Kamm was married to Miss Caroline Gray, the first daughter and second child of William H. Gray. She was born at the American Board Mission station at Lapwai, now i nthe State of Idaho, on October 15, 1840, and survives her husband. Miss Gray's father was an assistant missionary of the American Board Mission in Oregon, and first came out to Oregon with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Rev. and Mrs. Henry Spalding in 1836.

More than fifty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Kamm united with the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and have been stanch supporters of it ever since; and not only that, they have been liberal contributors to numerous philanthropic causes, but in such a way as to avoid publicity.

As an illustration of his kindly character one incident may be given: Five years ago a boy accidentally ran into him with a bicycle, throwing him to the ground, injuring him so severely that he never after was able to walk a step without crutches. Inquiry was made as to the identity of the lad, but Mr. Kamm always refused to tell, saying: "I shall not give his name to any one. I found the boy a perfect little gentleman. He ran back to where I lay, said he was sorry, and did what he could to help me. It was a plain accident and the boy felt badly about it. I would not do anything to cause him to worry about the affair. By giving his name he might be harassed in some manner."

Rev. C. H. Wirth, who has been serving Pilgrim Congregational Church as pastor for about a year, resigned during the past week, his resignation to take effect on the 24th of this month.

Riverside Church, Hood River, has had a prosperous

year, as shown by the reports at the annual meeting on December 4th. All bills will be met and the pastor's salary was raised to $1,800, whereat he rejoices. Plans for the new year are larger than ever. The Boy Scout work will be taken up at once, as the basement in the new church edifice affords the necessary room.

Rev. Samuel Small, so well known in the South, speaks in the First church this evening.

Portland, December 15, 1912.

For The Children.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

I'm glad I wasn't living
When grandpa was a boy;
They gave such funny presents,
With scarce a single toy.

'Bout all gramp' got for Christmas
Was just some woolen socks,
New handkerchiefs and collars,
And candy—one small box.

One time he got a whistle,
A game, a rubber ball;
Again a bright, new jack-knife,
That pleased him best of all.

They had no magic lanterns,
Not even in the store;
They didn't make tin autos
To spin around the floor.

They had no shooting-galleries,
No bicycles, alack!
No railway cars and engines,
With miles and miles of track.

Yet grandpa was contented
At Christmas time of year,
And says they all were happy;
Now, doesn't that seem queer?

Oh, what a funny Christmas,
Without a single toy!
I'm glad I wasn't living
The Prince of Peace was born,

—Eleanor Schroll.

THE BARN FOLK'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was the night before the night-before-Christmas! How the merry flames did crackle and dance up the chimney of a wide-throated fireplace in a cozy old farm-house! And how the happy family of big folk and little folk did laugh, and chatter and plan for Christmas, and almost let out Christmas secrets! There were Grandmother and Grandfather and Father and Mother and Robert and Dorothy and Jamie and Baby Anne.

"Come, Chickens," said Mother, when the clock struck eight, "bedtime for folks who want to go to Fir Tree Hill, and help get the Christmas tree in the morning!"

Right after breakfast and prayers next morning, Father harnessed jolly old Dobbin to the wood sled, and they started.

When they reached Fir Tree Hill, Grandfather chose a beautiful straight fir, and Father cut it; and soon it was on the sled, and they were ready to start for home. Just then Baby Anne ran up to old Dobbin, and threw her arms about his sturdy hind legs.

"Dobbin 'ants Kismis chee, too!" she chirruped.

"Why not?" asked Grandfather and Grandmother.

"Let's!" chimed in Robert and Dorothy.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mother.

" 'Deed!" exclaimed Jamie.

So Father cut another tree, a beauty, and on the way home they planned what should be on it. Dobbin was such a kindhearted horse that they knew he would not want it all for himself. So they planned for all his friends in the barn. And that afternoon, Father set it up in a corner of the barn floor, and the whole family helped put on the gifts, taking great care that the barn-folk should not see.

Next morning, early, soon as they were up, they all put on warm coats and caps and mittens, and went out to distribute the gifts. There was a big bag of Grandmother's best sun-flower seed for the hens; a basket of Grandfather's fine long yellow carrots for the cows; a box of lump sugar for Dobbin, from Mother; a basket of sweet yellow apples for the calves, from Father; a bag of candy that looked like kernels of yellow corn, for Kate the carriage horse, from Dorothy; a bag of beans, from Robert, for the sheep; and red apples all over the tree, from Jamie, for the horses and cows and calves; and a round cake with frosting and red candies on it, for Dobbin, from Baby Anne.

How the bright eyes of the barn-folk did shine, when they saw their lovely presents! And what a number of soft, musical, thankful sounds they made, as they ate them! Then, after Baby Anne had patted all the animals on their soft noses, all the house-folk went in to enjoy their own Christmas tree more than they ever had before.—Minnie L. Upton in Our Dumb Animals.

A SMALL ORDER.

This is all that I expect
Santa Claus to bring to me:
One large boat—my old one's wrecked;
One large, lovely Christmas tree:
Then I need a larger drum,
That says "boom" instead of "tum";
And I want a nice long whip
That will make our tomcat skip;
Then I hope to get a ball
That will dent the hardest wall,
And a bat that will not split
Ev'ry time that it is hit;
Next I'd choose a pair of skates
Just as nice as sister Kate's,
And a bright large monoplane
That will carry rag-doll Jane;
Then I'd like a lot of things
That are run by hidden springs—
Rats and spiders, and the like;
And I need a brand-new "bike"
With a coaster-brake that will
Make work easy down a hill.

There! that's all I asked him for,
Still, I'm hoping (since he's Dutch)
That he'll bring a few things more—
As I have not asked for much!

—St. Nicholas Magazine.

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He who has a pure and unselfish love for any one being in the universe has thereby a new life, new powers, new possibilities, and new perceptions of all; and the very universe itself is a new universe to him, as viewed from his new center of love and light.—H. Clay Trumbull.

EVEN AS I HAVE LOVED YOU.

Mary S. Buffum.

By faith I knew of Jesus' love for me,
Yet longed to measure it, that I might feel
Its depth and breadth and strength; its beauty see
Outlined more clearly than faith could reveal.

I asked to share Gethsemane's deep woe
With Christ, my Lord, and by the sharing learn
All that is possible for me to know
Of the great love which doth for sinners yearn.

He took my hand, and led me to the place.
'Twas told me, one I loved was almost lost.
Oh; if I could for her the danger face!
She might be saved; my Heaven would be the cost.
And then I seemed to hear my Saviour's voice,
"So I once suffered for, and now love thee.
Is she or I more dear? What is thy choice?
Wilt thou take Hell for her, or Heaven with me?"

My soul made answer: "Lord, I love Thee more
Than all things else. Thou, who such love dost know,
Forsake me not, yet give her, I implore,
If possible, my peace, give me her woe."
And then there came, through weary days and years,
In swift succession, all that I could bear
Of suffering and sorrow, groans and tears.
Yet ask release from them, I did not dare.

Until, " It is enough," my Savious said,
"So I once suffered for, and now love thee.
Thy sacrifice has for thy loved one plead,
The lost are everywhere; bring them to me."

A well known professor consented to address a few remarks to the pupils in the district school that he had attended when a boy.

"Did any of you," he asked, "ever see an elephant skin?"

A boy held up his hand and wriggled excitedly.

"Well," said the professor.

"I have," said the boy.

"Where did you see it?"

"On an elephant."—Ex.

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